

## [William Owens]

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Folk stuff - Rangelore [23?]

Gauthier.Sheldon F.

Rangelore.

Tarrant Co.Dist,.#7

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FC 240

William Owens, 75, living at 404 N [?] St, Fort Worth, Texas, was born May 28, 1863, at Fort Worth, Texas.

His father was John W. Owens and, in [?], owned 640 acres of land which is now a part of N. Fort Worth.

John L. Owens died in 1874 and the following year, at the age of 12, William Owens began his career as a cowboy. He secured work on the [?] ranch where he remained for seven years. After quitting the 'R Buckle R' ranch he went to work for Dan Waggoner at a ranch located in the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) between Cash Creek and Big Elk River, at this ranch he remained for three. After he quit the Waggoner Ranch he went on a drive of cattle to Butt Mont, for Turk Beall and thereafter made several other drives. His next venture [?] to enter the cattle business as a ranchowner. He leased land for range purpose in Mexico, located on the line of Chihuahua and Sonoro.

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When he terminated his cattle career he learned the structural iron trade which trade he followed during the remainder of his active life.

His story of range life follows:

"My life began in Fort Worth, Texas. There I first saw the [???]. It was May 28, 1863, and it appears that I am to finish my life in Fort Worth.

"My father, John W. Owens, owned 640 acres of land in the part of Fort Worth, now called N. Fort Worth. The section was then called Possum Hill. [?] of the main things that I still call to mind about that place was the great number of Indian teepees which covered the hill when I was a tot, after discarding my three cornered pants. Of course, I can see, in my mind the hundreds of Indians, men, women and children that lived there. I can remember the old Indian trail too. It came up what is now Taylor St. or near it, crossed the Trinity River, through a ford, near where the [?] viaduct is now, then went North to Possum Hill. [???] 2 While I was in my teens white folks replaced the Indians and then the place took on the name of White Settlement. The Indian trail was then referred to as the White Settlement Road. In fact, the highway [??] of North Worth known as the White Settlement Road, is in part the old Indian trail.

"My father died in 1874 and the following year I went on my own. I was 12 years old when I joined us with the [?] outfit which had its main camp located about where Wichita Falls is now situated.

"I could ride a horse tolerable well at the age of 12, as most boys could at that age those days. I couldn't do much with a rope, so the first week they set me to [?] helping to gather cattle with the 'R Buckle R' brand for a roundup. The brand was so called because it was made with the outline of a buckle thus: , and was written thus: '[?]'.  
[?]

I can recall only part of the waddies's names that worked the 'R Buckle R' outfit, because we called each other by nicknames. The belly-cheater was 'Beef Trust', then there was

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Baldy Jones, the top-screw, [???], Scar Face Ma lony, Turkey Dick and there was Blaky, and [?], and Curly and such names. There were arond 15 steady hands at that camp and the fellows I have named stayed through the seven years that I nested there. During the busy season, such as the roundup, extra hands were taken on and there were many rawhides/ that came and went during my seven years with the outfit.

“When I lit on the outfit the [?] [?] rawhide Baldy Jones took me in charge. While gathering cattle we worked in pairs, each pair would go in a different direction hunting critters , 3 which [?] brought in to a bunching point, then at the end of a day the bunch would be driven to the main herd. When a section was hunted over, we then would move to another part of the range, and so on until the whole range was combed from the Red River to [?] Co.

“During the time we were gathering critters and until the roundup was over we lived around the chuck wagon and slept in the open. At the roundup there would be waddies from the Turkey Track, the Three Ds, Spur and the [?] ranches, because critters owned by those outfits would be mixed among the cattle running that range.

“After the different critter bunched according to their brand, then we did our branding of the unbranded critters. After the branding the count would be made. For counting purpose a shut would be made, through which the cattle were driven and counted as the cattle passed out of the shut. The [?] count I help make with that outfit numbered 18,000 head.

“When we were not working the roundup or gathering cattle, the ranch house was our sleeping place, which was refered to as the doghouse and the sleeping bunks as the louse nest. We took our chuck in the cook shack and the chuck was good solid food. 'Beef Trust' was a pert cook and fixed the chuck in good shape. It was like the chuck of all cow camps of those days, beef, beans, bread and a small amount of vegetables from a can. [?] we lack in variety was made up by the different ways 'Beef Trust' shaped up the chuck.

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"There was night riding to do and 'Beef Trust' always had coffee for the men when they came off their shift. It was black 4 coffee, because the waddies [?] it a disgrace to milk a cow.

"I reckon night riding as about the worst part of a waddies work during a spell of bad weather. Of course, during pretty weather it was not mean work. When we had a spell of cold rain and sleet, the critters would get fretful, then a close watch would have to be held, because the critters would be put to running by some triffling thing. I have seen a herd go on a stampede because a waddy coughed which put a scare into the critters. Under such condition, we were afraid to strick a match. We had many stomps to contend with, but I want to tell of the worst one that I dealt with it was several years after I had quit the 'R Buckle R' outfit.

"I was with the Strayhorn outfit up in Arzonias. We had gathered 1,500 critters for market. The cattle were bunched and ready to start drifting and we were intending to start the next morning at sun. About mid-night a storm struck and lightening hit in the middle of the herd. As usual, the animals were fretful before the storm hit. They did not bed and were moving here and there. All hands were out trying to quiet and hold the critters down. We were singing and whistling trying to give the critters comfort, but they were all set to run just waiting for something that would start the running. The sky-fire was what furnished the excuse and they went off like a bunch of race hosses do when the gun is fired.

"At the jump we knew holding that herd was out of the question, so we just tried to keep those critters from scattering until they tuckered out a bit. Of course, it was dark and we could not see the herd or each other that were riding, except when a flash of sky-fire lit up the country. However, at all times we could hear the clashing of horns and could tell about where the herd was. We waddies kept each other posted on our location by firing several shots at a time. The first shot was to draw attention and the other shots were given so the fire flash could be seen.

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"It was 10 miles to the Pareco River and we calculated on getting the critters under control before the river was reached, but failed to do so. [?] we reached the river the critters were still going at a good rate of speed and about half of the animals went into the water and four of the waddies did likewise before they realized where they were going. There was quick sand bars at the point where the bunch run into the river. Immediately there was plenty of scrambling and floundering of men, cattle and hosses, in the dark and rain. No one could see enough to do anything and we just had to wait for daylight. Of course, the part of the herd that hit the water blocked to other critters and that stopped the run. We put the land critters to milling, which were joined by a few that got back out of the water and quicksand bog. When daylight came we found two waddies, Sandy Peters and Arzonias Slim, drowned.

"Two of the waddies fished the drowned lads out while the others of us went to work pulling out bogged critters, which were still alive. We worked all day at pulling out bogged critters, but lost [300?] which drowned.

"The two waddies were buried on the banks of the Pareco River. We dug the graves deep enough so that the wolves could not disturb the bodies. I was selected to do the preaching and did the best I could. I requested the Lord,' to take them in, because their 6 hearts were pure as gold. While they were rough, tough and cussed, all their acts were done with good intentions. They were true to their fellow men, to their work and to every trust'.

"On the 'R Buckle R' we had a tolerable lot of bogs to deal with, especially after a [?] of rain. When we were not working roundups or cutting out for the market, we were kept busy riding the range looking out for bogged and crippled critters, also, rustlers. When we located a bogged critter the lariat was tied to the animal and fastened to the horn of the saddle, then the hoss did the pulling. Sometimes a critter would be bogged so bad that two horses had to be used to do the pulling.

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“When a crippled critter was found it would be doctored, unless the animal was hurt too badly, then it would be shot and skinned.

“Wrangling hosses was another job we had to do so as to keep the remuda up with top hosses. Working hosses on the range used the animals quite fast.

“When I quit the 'R Buckle R' outfit I joined the 'Two Ds' outfit owned by Dan Waaggoner. The brand was later changed to the 'Three Ds'. At the time I joined the 'Two Ds' it was for a job of driving a herd up to a new camp being established in the Territory (now Oklahoma). The main 'Three Ds' ranch was at Ellison (now Electra) and we started the drive from there. We drove around 10,000 head to the new range which was located which was located between Cash Creek and Elk River. The territory was under controle of [?] Indians, with whom Waggoner contracted for use of the range. 7 “Among the rawhides that were in the crew which went to the new ranch, were Iron Miller, Lucky Davis, Scar Face Brown, Irish Mallony, Short Lariat Jim, who was so called because he never used a rope over 25 feet long, but the/ way that boy could handle that rope was a pleasure to watch. The cooky with the outfit we called 'Beans'. Let me tell how come that we called the Belly-cheater 'Beans'.

“The night before we started the drive, all the crew were called to supper by 'Beans', who was a new man and serving us his first meal to the crew. We were sitting at the table, in the cook shack, and all our guns were hung on a cross piece over head. Among the chuck, as usual, was beans. 'Beans' asked Duck Davis if he liked beans. 'Hell no, I never eat whistle-berries', he answered. 'Beans' took one of the guns, levelled it at Davis and said, 'eat some beans, you'r fond of 'em'. [?] looked around and saw the gun pointed at him and answered 'Hell yes I like beans, thanks for serving the berries', and took a helping. Well, from that time on the Belly-cheater was called 'Beans'.

“We started the drive the next morning and it was pretty weather, so we easily made the [?] River crossing that evening. The river was low, so it gave us no trouble and we bedded

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the critters North of the river that night. Late the following day we landed the critters on the new range.

“We had no shelter, so we lived in the open until we could find time to dig a dugout, which we did in the course of a month. We were kept so busy watching the herd, rustlers and Indians that I thought we would never finish the dugout. While a dugout is not the best place to hang out in, it is better than nothing during a cold or rain spell. 8 “We dug a space into the side of a bank about 14X14 feet and covered the hole with sod for roofing. We fixed a hole in the roof for a vent which gave us plenty of air circulation. For sleeping purpose we fixed bunks along the wall.

“After we had the dugout finished, we gave all our attention to the critters, rustlers and Indians, and were kept busy. The Indians we handled fairly well by giving them [?] beef a week.

“A fellow named Chub Mullins, that joined the outfit after we landed at the new range, with one other waddy and me, had a nice little scrimmage with a party of rustlers the second year I was on the 'Twobs' outfit.

“We run onto the trail of, about, 50 critters, with hoss tracks, leaving the main herd, which we followed. It was morning when we run into the trail and calculated that the rustlers had around six hours start ahead of us. We followed the trail all day and that evening late we sighted the outfit. We stayed out of sight waiting to see if the rustlers would make camp and allow the critters to bed down for the night or keep on driving. They pulled into a low spot at the entrance of draw just about dusk and there prepared to camp. We waited until the critters had time to bed down, the rustlers to eat their chuck and roll into their blankets. We knew one of that outfit would be line riding, while the others would be getting some shut-eye. We reckoned there were five of the fellows, judging by the hoof tracks, so there were three of us against five. We, also, had to reckon, with the herd and not stampede the animals by our shooting unless one of us could take charge of the herd and that we

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could /not do. 9 “We held a parley and we decided on sneaking upon the camp. One was to get the night rider while two of us would get the drop on the others. I was chosen as the one to get the drop on the night rider. With that decision made, we started for the camp as quietly as possible. We tethered our hosses about a quater mile away and crawled on hands and knees the remainder of the distance. Before we could crawl up to comanding distance of the sleepers it was necessary to locate the boys. We crawled here and there, around where their hosses were staked. My man could be sky-lined riding slowly near the herd, but before I could go into action we had to locate the others. We finally found the four rolled in their blankets, about 75 feet ahead of us, between us and the critters. I circled the sleepers to get to my man and my bunch was to wait until they could sky-line me forcing the rider off of his hoss.

“I crawled to a point that was in the riders path and waited until he came to me. When he arrived within 15 feet of me I jumped up and yelled, 'reach for the sky and reach high'. I didn't reckon with the hoss under a sudden move and yell on my part. The hoss didn't give the waddy time to reach for the sky, it evelated to one side suddenly which caught the rider off guard and he went into a spill, cursing loud enough to be heard in Hades. I was standing over him when he quit rolling, with my six-gun levelled on him. He reached for the sky pronto and came to his feet with his hands in the air.

“About the time I had the rider covered shooting started over where my pals and the sleepers were. There were several rounds of shots fired and then I heard some one holler, 'hold your fire we 10 have put down our guns'. Then a command, 'alright come a-walking with you hands reaching [?] the sky'.

“I then ordered my man to walk ahead of me towards the others. When we reached the crowd my bunch had all of the rustlers disarmed. Two of them were shot and dying and one was [woulded?] in the arm.



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"When I jumped up suddenly causing the waddy's hoss to evelate and the rider to curse, that awoke the sleepers and just at that time my pals started a dash for the rustlers. Them rustlers spied my pals and open fire at the boys. Chub Mullins and his pal dropped to the ground soon as they saw the fire flash of the rustlers' guns and returned the fire. Chub was an instinct aimer, that is he did not need to draw a bead. Judgeing his marek according to the fire flash he poured lead into them rustlers.

"The three rustlers that were alive claimed they were working for one of the fellows that had been shot. Each of the lads were under 20 years of age, so we bandaged the arm wound and told the boys to high-tail it and not show up in our section any more. We left the dead varmints for the buzzards and wolves to look after, and drove the bunch of critters home.

"When pay day rolled around each of us received \$10 extra for having that little spell of fun.

"The way we treated the three young waddies was not the usual way of doing with rustlers caught with rustled cattle, but there are exceptions to all rules and the age of the fellows provided the exception. Generally the rustlers were given a neck tie party, that is hanged to a limb. 11 "The first and only real drive I made was with Turk Beall. We drove the herd from Texas to the section where Butte. Mont. is now located. We started out with 1,200 head and had the usual sorefoot trouble with critters that had to be dropped, had occasional stampedes that caused more or less loss, but with the usual precentage of losses deducted, we still arrived with a herd of [2,400?] critters.

"Our orders were to pick up two strays for every one we lost in a stampede and put the iron on the animals. We traveled through cattle country, more or less, the whole distance and strays kept getting into our herd. Us waddies were paid \$1. as a bonus for each critter that we hold which strayed into the herd.

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"When the weather was pretty an everything going fair, so that a couple waddies could take a little run off to look over the surrounding country, we would do so. While looking over the country, if by chance, we run onto good looking critters, which appeared lonesome and looking for company, we would give these critters an invitation to join our herd and show the animals which way to go.

"There was a bunch of 14 waddies on the drive and when the settlement was made at the finish of the trip we divided \$1,500 of bonus money.

"We traveled out of Texas through Okal, Kans, and cut through the N.E. corner of Col. into [?]. thence N. to Miles City Mont, thence N. to the Butto district.

"During that whole trip we had no real bad stampede, but had quite a number of small runs, all of which we held under control. Our worse mess took place just after we crossed Hoss Head Crossing of the Red River. A party of Indians drove suddenly into our herd 12 just as the critters were leaving their bed at dawn. The Indians cut out about 15 of the critters and started off with the bunch. They were armed and had the night riders covered before the boys knew what was taking place. The Indians were a mile or so away before the rest of us could get to going. We figured that the Indians guns were not of the best, as was usual those days. However, the Indians indicated that they would fight for the critters.

"The Indians failed to reckon with the shooting ability of the old rawhides, especially the fact that in the bunch was Rocky Stove, the best shot that I ever met up with, and Turtle Dick, from Bitter Creek Mont, Rochy's equal. Them two waddies, with five others, lit out after the Indians and there was a sweet and short fight. The results were that the Indians went on their way carrying several dead men and the waddies came back with the critters, also, with tickled innards.

"Out side of the stampede trouble we fought bog trouble several times crossing rivers and had two dry patches to cross. We forded the Cimorron River just south of the Kansas line

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and got into plenty of bogs, and worked all day pulling critters out of those places. He had a loss of five critters from drowning in that mess.

“One distance in Kansas that we traveled, also, in Wyoming, we had to drift the cattle two days without water. The later part of the second day going over those dry spots, the critters began to bellow and became so fretful we had a pert job keeping the animals together. Wehn we came within 15 miles or so of the water those critters could smell it and all hands/ had to work at the front of the herd to hold it back. We traveled 30 miles the second days. After 13 the critters scented the water the job turned from driving to holding the herd back. If the critters were allowed their way they would stampede for the water.

“After we had finished the drive, I sold my outfit at a place 30 miles from where Butto is now located and there took a train to Laramie Wyo. At Laramie I bought another outfit and drifted back to Texas.

“I worked with several outfits among which was the strayhorn outfit where I stayed for two years. I then decided to go into the ranch business for myself and picked old Mexico for my location. I leased a track of land five miles square on the lines of Chihuahua and Sonara. I bought 175 head of critters from Sand Lavell, whos brand was called the 'fish' [amde?] thus: . My brand was the 'Heart E' made thus: . I hired a small crew of [varqueros?] and told them I would give a bonus of \$1 for each of my critters of the 'fish' brand that they branded.

“A bonus is a good means to get pert work out of a bunch of waddies. When the boys finished the job, [we?] made a count and I had 700 critters all fixed up with my brand.

“I had a fair start and was getting ahead tolerablely well when the Carranza revolution broke out. I fiqured that I was sitting alright, because [ancho?] Villa had been at my ranch many times and had eaten meals with me. I reckoned [hi?] as my friend. Finally Carranza and Villa got on the outs and the Carranza forces made me a call. The Carranza folks took charge of everything I had, leaving me on foot with only the cloth I had on my back. If it

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was not because of the fact that a Mexican women, who I had working for me as cooky. 14 had not helped by interceding in my behalf, no doubt. I would have been a /victim of the Mexican law of the fugitive as many others were. The way that law was applied was to allow the prisoner the chance for escape. When the prisoner started to run he would be shot.

"I was under arrest and my Mexican cooky went into action. She caught the drift of talk between the soldiers and they were interested in learning where water holes were in that section. She told the soldiers that I knew every water hole between the ranch and the U.S. line and suggested that they have me show them the holes.

"They made a proposition to the effect that I would be turned loose if I could show them the water holes and that I accepted.

"Just before we started, the woman passed me the information that I would be killed after the soldiers were through with me.

I lead 23 of the soldiers towards the U.S. line and showed them water holes. I knew where there was a U.S. Cavalry Post and I headed for that. We traveled in the early morning and late at night, because of the heat during the middle day.

"We were near the U.S. line and in the vicinity of the Cavalry Post one morning as we began our march. I told the soldiers that a dandy fresh water hole was ahead of us. The Cavalry Post was in a low spot and could not be seen until within 100 yards of it. When we were around 200 yards from the Post, I gave my hoss the gut hooks and the hoss leaped forward. The soldiers took after me and began to turn lead loose, but they were up to the post before they realized where they were. The shooting drew the attention of the U.S. boys who took after the Mexicans. Only one of the 22 Mexicans got away.

"That ended my range career. After that I came back to Fort Worth. 15 I then learned the structual iron work and followed it intil I become [?] old for the [work.?)

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"Let me and my gabbing with telling the following incident which took place in Philadelphia while I was there visiting my son.

"We attended lodge meeting and my son introduced me as a Texan, of course, as was proper for him to do. The introduction was followed by calls of 'say something cowboys'. I complied with the following: "I am just an old time Texas cowboy. I am off the old Stak Plains My trade is [rirt?] and saddle, and pulling [?] reins I can twirl a lasso and throw it with graceful ease. I can saddle a bucking hoss and ride 'em when I please. I'll always work for wages, and get my pay in [gold?] I'll always follow the trail of the lone Star State. That I'll do until I am to old for the gait.'

1

Another version of the Owens narrative

Gauthier, Sheldon F.

Rangelore

Tarrant Co., Dist. 7.

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FEC [23?]

William Owens, 75, 404 N. Florence St., Ft. Worth, born May 23, 1863. Son of John W. Owens, then owner of 640 acres of what is now a part of W. Ft. Worth. At 12, the year following his father's death, Wm. Owens became a cowboy on the "R Buckle R" ranch for seven years, then 3 years with Dan Waggoner and made several trail drives north. Later became a rancher in Mexico; he was driven out by the nations internal unrest in 1919. When he returned to Ft. Worth and learned the structual iron trade which he followed the remainder of his active life.

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"My life began at Ft. Worth on May 28, 1863, and it appears that here I am to finish my life. My father, John W. Owens, owned 640 aacres in what is now N. Ft. Worth. The section was called Possum Hill. One of the things I still call to mind about that place was the great number of Indian teepees which covered the hill when I was a tot. Hundreds of Indians lived there on the old Indian trail. It came up what is now Taylor St., and crossed the Trinity River through a ford near the Paddock Viaduct and then went North to Possum Hill.

"During my teens white folks replaced the Indians and the place became White Settlement. The Indian trail was then referred as the White Settlement Read, and still is.

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their acts were done in good faith. They were true to their fellow man, to their work and to ever trust.

“On the R Buckle R we had tolerable lot of bog to deal with especially after a spell of rain. When we were not working roundups or cutting out for the market we were kept busy riding the range looking out for bogged and crippled critters and rustlers. When we located a bogged critter the lariat was tied to the animal and fastened to the horn of the saddle, then the hoss did the pulling. Sometimes a critter would be bogged so bad that two hosses had to be used to do the pulling. When a crippled critter was found it would be doctored unless the animal was hurt so bade it would be shot and skinned. Wrangling hosses was another job we had to do so as to keep the remuda up with top hosses. Working hosses on the range used the animals quite fast.

“When I quit the R Buckle R outfit I joined the [2D?] outfit owned by Dan Waggoner. The brand was later changed to the 3D. At the time I joined the outfit the 2D was for the job of driving a herd up to a new camp being established in the Territory now Oklahoma. The main 2D ranch was at Ellison (now Electra) and we started the drive from there. We drove around 10,000 head to the new range which was located between Cash Creek and Elk River. The territory was under control of the Kiowa Indians with whom Waggoner contracted for the range. 6 “Among the rawhides that were in the crew which went to the new ranch were Iron Miller, Lucky Davis, Scar Face Brown, Irish Mallony; Short Lariat Jim, so called because he never used a rope over 25 feet long, but the way that boy could handle it was pleasure to watch. The cooky with the outfit was called “Beans’ and here’s how come we called the belly-cheater that.

“The night before we started the drive all the crew were calling called to super by Beans who was a new man and serving us his first meal. In the cook shack wer we were sitting at the table and all our guns were hung on the cross piece over he d. Among the chuck as usual was beans. ‘Beans’ asked Lucky Davis if he like beans. “Hell no, I never eat whistle-berries’, he answered. Beans took one of the guns levelled it at Davis and said, “Eat some

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beans, you're fond of 'em." Lucky looked around and saw the gun pointed at him and answered, "Hell yes, I like beans, thanks for serving the berries." From that time on the belly-cheater was called Beans.

"We started the drive the next morning and it was pretty weather so we easily made the Red River crossing that evening and bedded the critters north of it that night. Late the following day we landed the critters on the new range. We had no shelter so we lived in the open until we could find time to dig a dugout, which we did in the course of a month. We were kept so busy watching the herd, rustlers and Indians that I thought we would never finish the dugout. While a dugout is not the best place to hang out in, it is better than nothing during a cold or rain spell.

"We dug a space into the side of a bank about 14 x 14 feet and covered the hole with sod for roofing. We fixed a hole in the roof for a vent which gave us plenty of air circulation. For sleeping 7 purpose we fixed bunks along the well. After we had the dugout finished we gave all our attention to the critter, rustlers and Indians and were kept busy. The Indians we handled fairly well by giving them one beef a week. A fellow named Chub Mullins that joined the outfit after we landed on the new range, with one other waddy and me, had a nice little scrimmage with a part of rustlers the second year I was on the 2D outfit.

"We run onto the trail of about 50 critters whit hoss tracks leaving the main herd which we followed. It was morning when we run into the trail and calculates the rustlers [ha?] been around six hour ahead of us. We followed the trail all day and late that evening we sighted the outfit. We stayed out of sight waiting to see if the rustlers would make camp and allow the critters to bed down for the night or keep on driving. They pulled into a low spot at the entrance of a draw just about dusk and there prepared to camp! We waited until the critters had time to bed down, the rustlers to eat their chuck and roll into their blankets. We knew one of that outfit would be line riding, while the others would be getting shut-eye. We reckoned there were five of the fellows, judging by the hoss tracks, so there were three of

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us against five. We also had to reckon with the herd and not stampede the animals by our shooting unless one of us could take charge of the herd and that we could not do.

"We held a parley and we decided on sneaking upon the camp. One was to get the drop on the night rider while two of us [?] was to get the others. I was chosen to get the night rider. We started for the camp as quietly as possible, after tethering our horses a quarter mile away and crawled on hands and knees the rest of the way. 8 Before we could crawl up to commanding distance of the sleepers it was necessary to locate the boys. We crawled here and there around where their horses were staked. My man could be sky-lined riding slowly around the herd but before I could go into action we had to locate the others. We finally found the four rolled in their blankets about 75 feet ahead of us, between us and the critters. I circled the sleepers to get to my man and my bunch was to wait until they could sky-line me forcing the rider off his horse.

"I crawled to a point that was in the rider's path and waited until he came to me. When he was within 15 feet of me I jumped up and yelled, 'Reach for the sky and reach high'. I didn't reckon with the horse under a sudden move and yell on my part. The horse didn't give the waddy time to reach for the sky, [it] elevated to one [side?] suddenly which caught the rider off guard and he went into a spill cursing loud enough to be heard in Hades. I was standing over him when he quit rolling with my six gun levelled on him. He reached for the sky pronto and came to his feet with his hands in the air.

"About the time I had the river covered shooting started over where my pals and the sleepers were. There were several rounds of shots fired and then I heard some one holler, 'Hold your fire we have put down our guns.' Then a command, 'alright come a walking with your hands reaching for the sky.' I then ordered my men to walk ahead of me towards the others. When we reached the crowd my bunch had all the rustlers disarmed. Two of them were shot and dying and one was wounded in the arm.

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"When I jumped up suddenly causing the waddy's hoss to elevate and the rider to curse that woke the sleepers and just at that time 9 my pals started a dash for the rustlers. Them rustlers spied my pals and opened fire at the boys. Chub Mullins and his pal dropped to the ground soon as they was the fire flash of the rustler's guns and returned the fire. Chub was an instant aimer that is he did not need to draw a bead. Judging his mark according to the fire flash he [pa?] poured lead into them rustlers.

"The three rustlers that were alive claimed they were working for one of fellows that had been shot. Each of the lads were under 20 years of age so we bandaged the arm wound and told the boys to high-tail it and not show up in our section anymore. We left the dead varmints for the buzzards and wolves to look after and drove the bunch of critters home. When pay day rolled around each of us received \$10. extra for having that little spell of fun.

"The way we treated the three young waddies was not the usual way of doing with rustlers caught with rustled cattle but there were exceptions of all rules and the age of the fellows provided the exception. Generally the rustlers were given a neck tie party, that is hanged to a limb.

"The first and only real drive I made was with Turk Beall. We drove the heard from Texas to the section where Butte, Mont. is now located. We started out with 1,200 head and had the usual sorefoot trouble with critters that had to be dropped, had occasional stampedes that caused more or less loss, but with the usual percentage of losses deducted we still arrived with a herd of 2,400 critters. Our orders were to pick up two strays for every one we lost in a stampede and put the iron on the animals. We traveled through cattle country the whole distance and strays kept getting into our herd. Us waddies were paid \$1. bonus for each critter that we hold which strayed into the herd. 10 "When the weather was pretty and everything going fair so that a couple waddies could take a little run off to look over the surrounding country we would do so. While looking over the country if by chance we ran into good looking critters which appeared lonesome and

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looking for company we would give those critters an invitation to join our herd and show the animals which way to go. There was a bunch of 14 waddies on the drive and when the settlement was made at the finish of the trip we divided \$1,500 in bonus money.

"We traveled out of Texas through Oklahoma, Kans. and cut through the NE corner of Col., into Wyo., thence North to Miles City, [?], thence to the Butte district. During the whole trip we had no real bad stampede but had quite a number of small runs all of which we held under control. Our worse mess took place just after we crossed Hoss Head Crossing of the Red River. A party of Indians drove suddenly into our herd just as the critters were leaving their bed a dawn. The Indians cut out about 15 of the critters and started off with the bunch. They were armed and had the night riders covered before the boys know what was taking place. The Indians were a mile or so away before the rest of us could get to going. We figured that the Indians guns were not of the best [?] as usual those days; however they indicated they would fight for the critters.

"The Indians failed to reckon with the shooting ability of the rawhides, especially the fact that in the bunch was Rocky Steve, the best shot I ever met up with, and Turkle Dick from Bitter Root, Mont. who was Rocky's equal. Them two waddies with five other lit out after the Indians and there was a sweet and short fight. The results were that the Indians went on their way carrying several dead men and the waddies came back with the critters and tickled innards. 11 "Outside of the stampede we fought bog trouble several times crossing rivers and had two dry patches to cross. We forded the Cimorrion Cimmarrion River just S. of the Kansas line and got into plenty bogs, and worked all day pulling critters out of those places. We had a loss of five critters from drowning in that mess. One distance in Kansas and in Wyoming we had to drift the cattle two days without water. The later part of the second day going over those dry spots the critters began to bellow and fret so we had a pert job keeping the animals together. When we came within 15 miles or so of water those critters could smell it and all hands had to work at the front of the herd to hold it

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back. We traveled 30 miles the second day. If the critters were allowed their way they would stampede for water.

“After we had finished our drive I sold my outfit at a place 30 miles from Butte and there took a train Laramie, Wyo. where I bought another outfit and drifted back to Texas. I worked for several other outfits among which was the Strayhorn where I camped two years. I then decided to go into the ranch business for myself and picked Old Mexico for my location. I loused a tract of land five miles square on the lines of Chihuahua and Sonora. I bought 175 head of critters from [Sand?] Lavell whose brand was called the fish thus: . My brand was the Heart E: . I hired a small crew of [vaguoros?] and told them I would give a \$1. bonus for each of my critters of the fish brand they branded. A bonus is a good means to get pert work out of a bunch of waddies. When the boys finished the job we made a count and I had 700 critters all fixed up with my brand.

“I had a fair start and was getting ahead tolerably well when the [Carranze?] revolution broke out. I figured I was setting alright because Pancho Villa had been at my ranch many times and had eaten 12 meals with me. I reckoned him as my friend. Finally [?] and Villa got in the [?] and the [Carranza?] forces made me a call. They took charge of everything I had leaving me on foot with only the cloth I had on my back. If it was not because of the Mexican woman I had working for me as cooky interceded in my behalf I would have been a victim of the Mexican [?] of the fugitive. The way that law was applied was to allow the prisoner the chance for escape and when he started to run he would be shot.

“My cooky caught the drift of talk between the soldiers and they were interested in learning the water holes in that section. She told them I knew every water hole between the ranch and the U S line and suggested they have me show them the holes. They said I would be turned loose if I agreed to show them the holes. Before we started the woman told me I would be killed when the soldiers were through with me. I led 22 of the soldiers toward the U S line and showed them water holes. Because of the heat we traveled during the morning and at night. I knew there was a U. [?] Cavalry Post ahead of us and one morning

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told the soldiers there was a dandy fresh water hole just ahead of us. The Cavalry Post was in a low spot and could not be seen within a 100 yards. about 200 yard from the Post I gave my hoss the gut hooks and the soldiers took after me and began to throw lead, but they were up to the Post before they realized it. The shooting drew the attention of the U S boys who took after the Mexicans. Only one of the 22 got away.

“That ended my range career; afterward I came to Ft. Worth and learned the structual iron work trade and followed it until I became too old to work.